D71600

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 17 No. 2

85p

ON TARGET: OUR SEVEN SEXY VALENTINES

BEAU BRUMMIE: THE GIRL WHO SHOOK THE N.E.C.

KILLERS IN CLARK STREET: THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

ADMIRE HER SOFTWARE: IT'S THE NUDEST COMPUTER OPERATOR

THE LUXURY LAGONDA: BRITAIN'S MOST COVETED CAR

NOW ON VIEW: THE BEAUTY FROM THE AUCTIONEERS

WELCOME BACH: WELSH RAILWAYS RESTORED

CURVY KIRSTEN: OUR BAREST AU-PAIR

LARGEST U.K.
MEN'S MAGAZINE
READERSHIP

USA $2.75
CANADA $2.95

AUSTRIA 75 SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 325 PTAS
DENMARK 21 KR
FINLAND 16.50 FM
FRANCE 28.50 NF
GREECE 275 DRH
HOLLAND 7.90 FL
ITALY 4200 L
NORWAY 21.50 KR
SPAIN 300 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.20 SFR

MAYFAIR

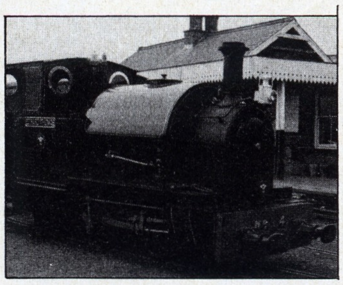
INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 17 No. 2

ABC net paid circulation 351,464



Heavenly Helena, page 51. Welsh steam trains, page 62.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Death on the Day of Love:	The St Valentine's Day massacre	*R Hudson-Smith*	38
Classic Come-backs:	Witty rejoinders retold	*Brian O'Hanlon*	48
Welcome Bach:	Welsh narrow-gauge railways restored	*Andrew Morland*	62
The Modern Ms:	What today's girls get up to	*Ronald Cobb*	79
Carrie:	A fall leaves our stripgirl with mud in her eye	*Steve Kingston*	112

GIRLS

Kirsten:	What an au-pair!	*Christer Lundin*	12
Julia:	Our barest Brummie	*Ed Alexander*	28
Beth:	Sweet and sour: she's learning Chinese cookery	*Mario Marnoto*	41
Helena:	This auctioneer's assistant's got quite a lot	*Ed Alexander*	51
Sophia:	One of the merry women who set Nottingham a quiver	*Roy Brewington*	68
Lesley:	Admire her software	*John Allum*	84
Emma:	Continually engaged: our nudest telephonist	*Donald Milne*	100

HUMOUR

Police, Please Me:	Boys-in-blue cartooned	*Peter Maddocks*	19
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		81

INFORMERS

Motoring:	Luxuriant Lagonda	*William Boddy*	76
Quest:	Abstinence in men		91

FICTION

The Eyes of a Killer:	When an air ace is shot down by love	*Leigh Vance*	16

READER SERVICES

Diary Offer/page 8 **Letters**/page 10 **Book Society**/page 22
Back Numbers/page 26 **Film Club**/page 83 **Subscription Details**/page 98
Binder Offer/page 98 **Calendar Offer**/page 107

CRITICS **Films, Discs** 23

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester, England/**Fiction**: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions**: although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/
Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

You've got to be quick

Launched only last year, our full-colour *Mayfair* glamour diary has already established itself as Britain's best. And just a glance at the quality of the 1982 diary will tell you why. By means of the latest printing techniques, each picture has been carefully scaled down from the delicious dozen dollies in the *Mayfair* calendar. Market research has shown that men do prefer the slim, month-at-a-glance format because you can plan ahead more easily and the diary will slip into your pocket without leaving an unsightly bulge. So you can carry our girls next to your heart. The diary costs just £1.65 including first class postage and packing, so send off the coupon right NOW!

Mayfair's 1982 Diaries cost only £1.65 each, including postage and plain packing. Send your order to Mayfair Diary, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me ______ Diaries at £1.65 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ______________

Name ______________

Address ______________

____

______________ M172

September 1982

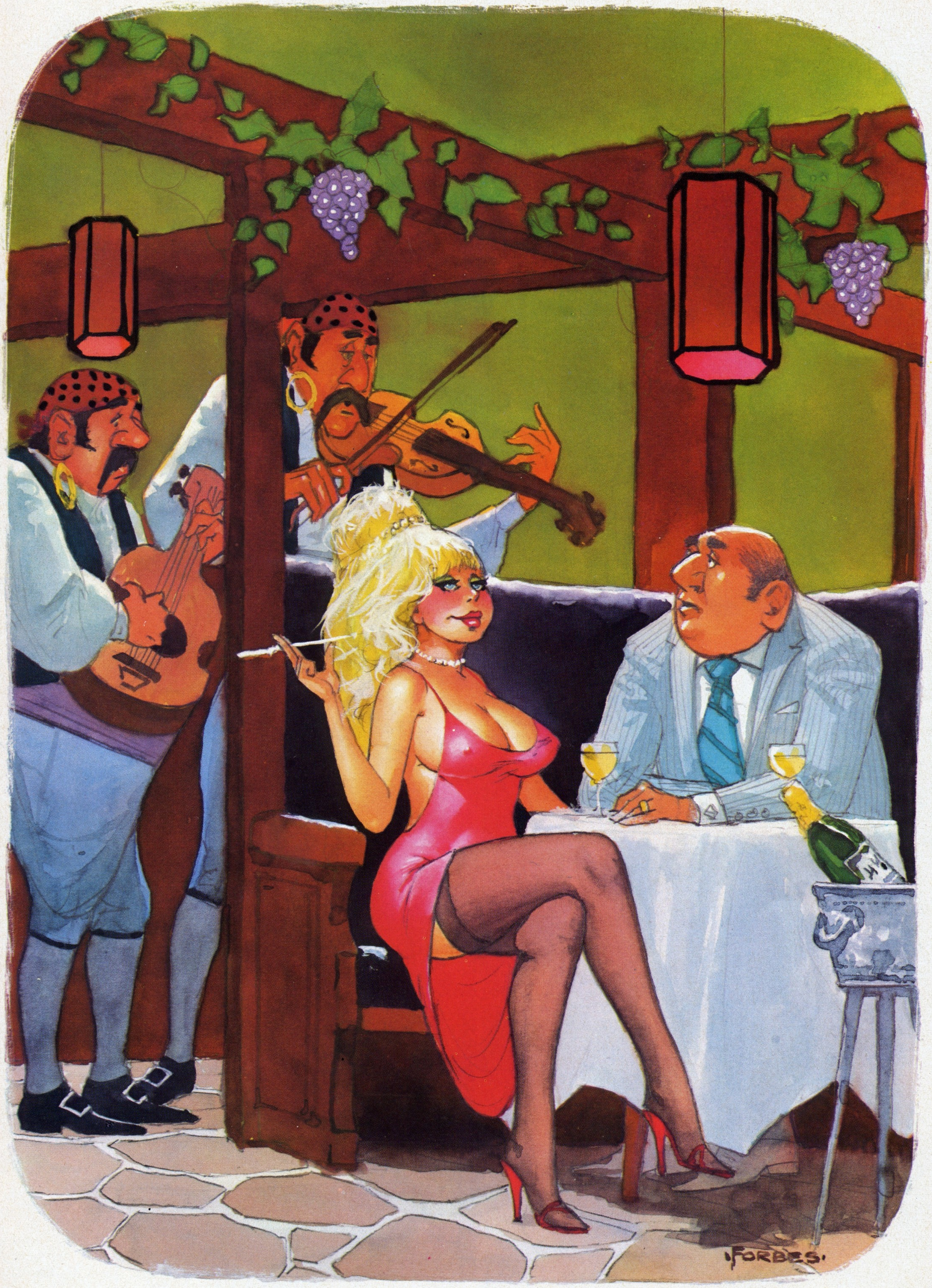
1 Wed
2 Thu
3 Fri
4 Sat
5 Sun
6 Mon
7 Tue
8 Wed
9 Thu
10 Fri
11 Sat
12 Sun
13 Mon
14 Tue
15 Wed
16 Thu
17 Fri
18 Sat
19 Sun
20 Mon
21 Tue
22 Wed
23 Thu
24 Fri
25 Sat
26 Sun
27 Mon
28 Tue
29 Wed
30 Thu

Nancy Boughton (Mayfair, Volume 14 Number 5)

October **1982**

Sun	31	3	10	17	24
Mon		4	11	18	25
Tue		5	12	19	26
Wed		6	13	20	27
Thu		7	14	21	28
Fri	1	8	15	22	29
Sat	2	9	16	23	30

MAYFAIR



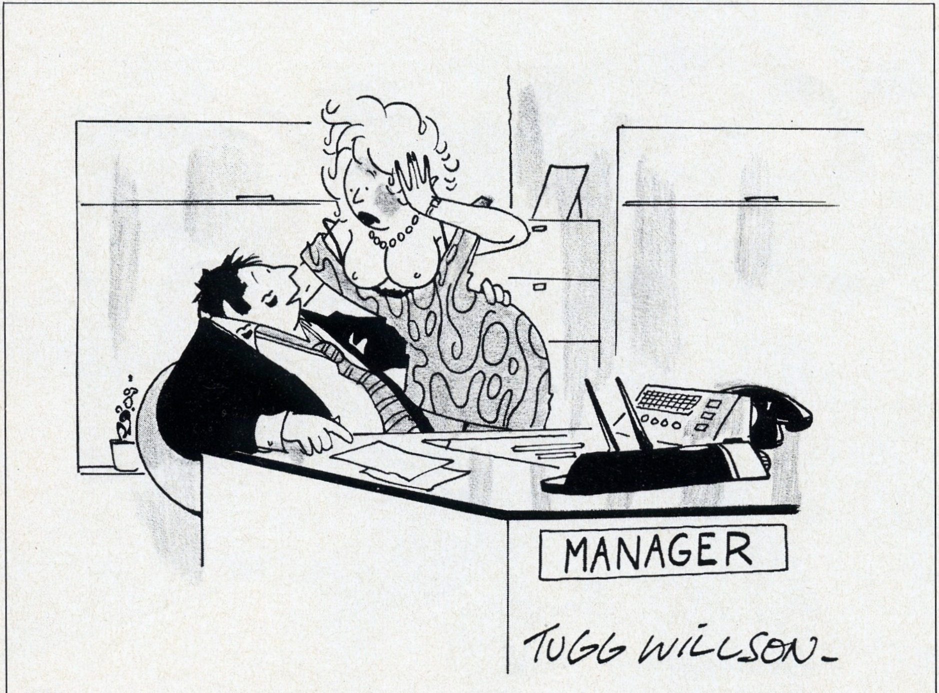
'It's alright Pedro, she's a nymphomaniac . . .'

Kirsten

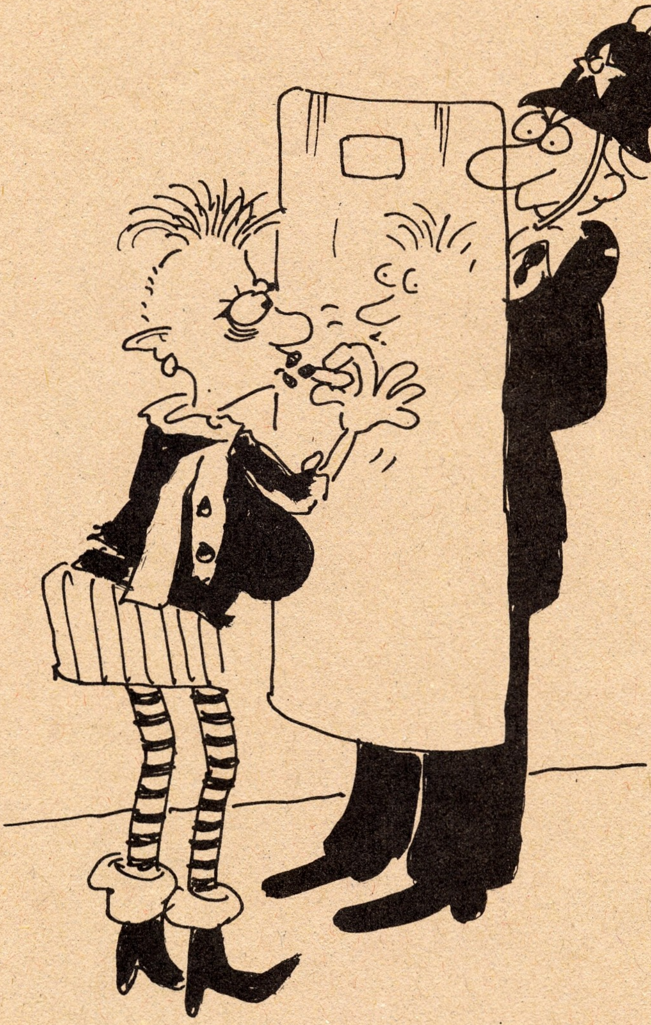
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHRISTER LUNDIN

'I hope you can understand my English. It is not very good, I think,' smiled 20-year-old Swedish au pair Kirsten Andersson modestly, 'I have only been here a year and have difficulty with my language.' But even if the bright blonde from Stockholm does get the odd word wrong, there's no mistaking her fine 34–23–34 body, often seen in Kensington Gardens as she walks the family's dogs. 'They are what you call great danes. My employer laughs a lot at that. Two great danes and a great Swede is what he calls us.'

But does Kirsten ever miss her homeland? 'Oh yes, now and again. Over there we have many forests to walk in and my last boyfriend and I loved to sit there and listen to the birds. When I have to tackle a great pile of washing up I remember those days and feel very homesick. But I like London, particularly the night clubs and the men. I love dark-haired men, we have so few of them in Sweden.' Is there anything else that might convince her to leave her native country for good and settle down here? 'Ah yes,' she replied laughing, 'going to the pub with a handsome man. There is nothing at home like that. Sitting, talking over a glass of beer and then fish and chips! That I really like. If only it wasn't so fattening . . .'


MANAGER
TUGG WILLSON

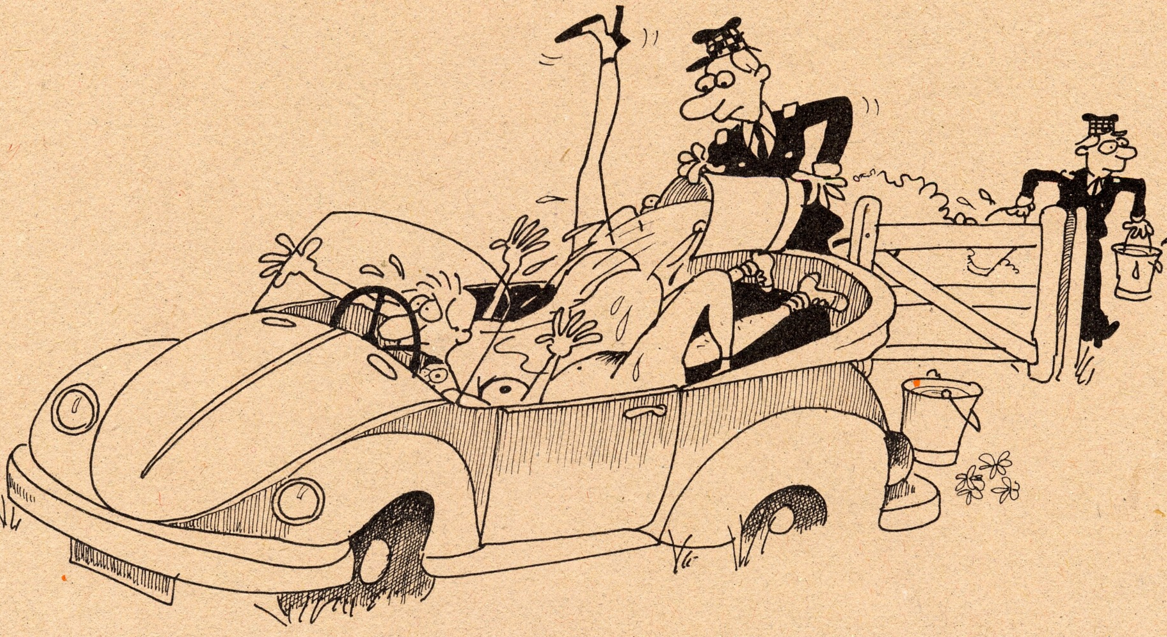
'That's a coincidence! I came in to ask for a rise, too.'



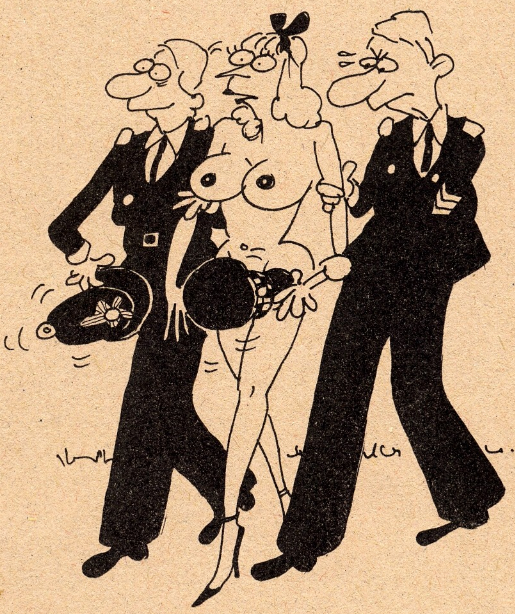
They do their best to reflect the views of young people.

BOBBY DAZZLERS

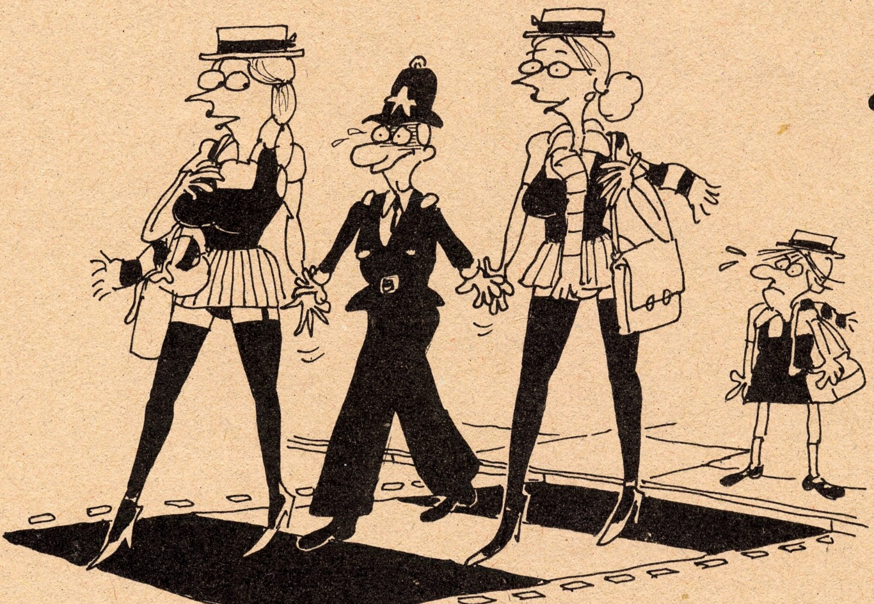
Much maligned of late, the good old British bobby has many arresting ways. But, says cartoonist Peter Maddocks, they're not all to do with law enforcement



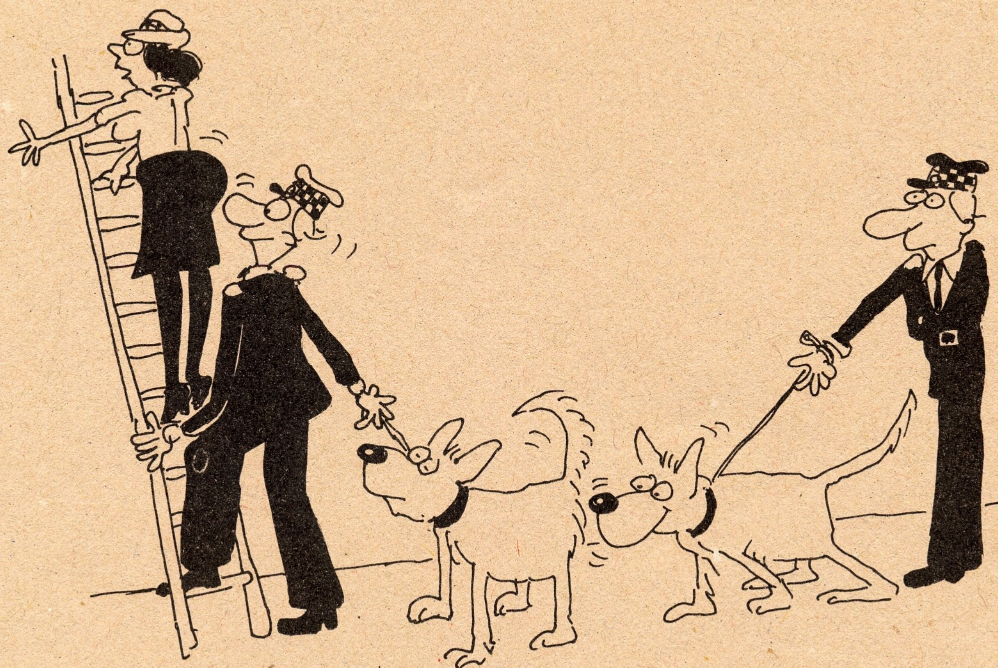
They sort out motorists stuck in a jam.



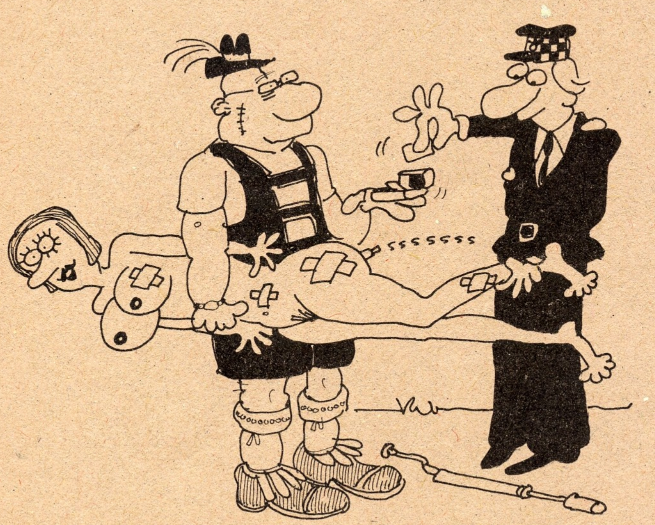
Experienced officers can handle the most embarrassing situations.



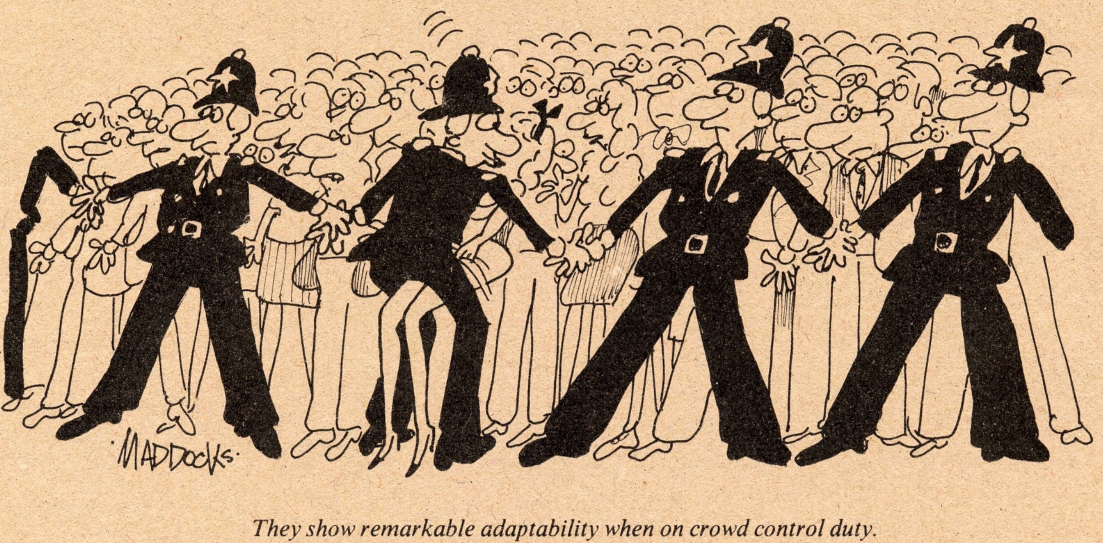
While on schools duty they are delighted if sixth-formers come across.



Police dogs and their handlers are expected to sniff out hidden goods.



Our constables help visitors who find themselves in need of assistance.



They show remarkable adaptability when on crowd control duty.

Julia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

A beauty from Birmingham, that's 21-year-old *Starbird* Julia Humphries, who loves the second city. Educated at Berkeley Girls Grammar School where she revelled only in sport, the 35–24–34 girl from Harborne is now a top model.

'I was rather a naughty girl in school,' she told us, 'I only took up sport because I fancied the PE teacher. I like men to be muscular with hairy chests. But I soon gave up the athletics when I discovered other men.'

After she left school, Julia gained quite a reputation for being outrageous. 'I love dressing up,' she claimed, 'especially all the punk stuff. Tight leather, studs, and short skimpy dresses are what I really like to wear. There's a shop called *Kahn and Bell* where I get a lot of my outfits and I love messing about with my hair. I once shaved one side of it off completely and was sacked on the spot. I was working in a beautician's.'

Since then, Julia has never had to worry too much about work. It has come flooding in now she is a professional model. 'I've had to do all kinds of weird things,' she laughed, 'the funniest at the NEC in the middle of winter.

'I had to pose outside one of the exhibition halls in nothing more than a pair of shorts. It was to advertise a printing show and the weather was freezing. But you should have seen the crowd that gathered.' Birmingham's a lucky city.

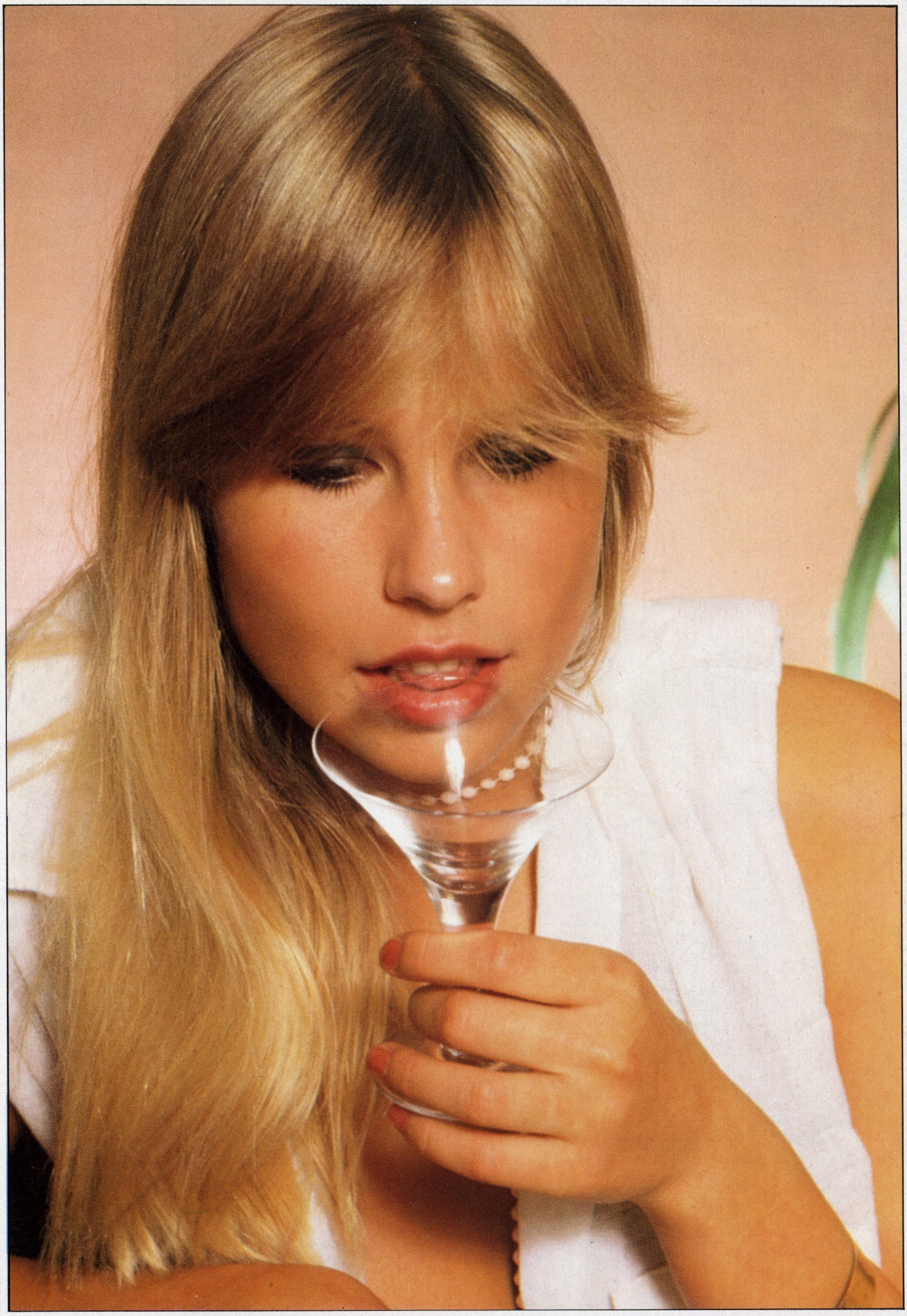
Beth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

'Just because I'm blonde doesn't mean that I have to be dizzy or dumb,' smiled 18-year-old Beth Johnson. 'In fact I suppose I'm quite a serious girl at heart.' And it's true. 35–24–35 Beth wouldn't be seen dead in a disco and even thinks twice about going to the pub. 'I know it sounds dull, but I much prefer a quiet night at home with just one other person for company.'

'You'll probably think that I'm just anti-social but when you work in a shop all day, chatting to people about the weather, the very last thing you want is to go out and do the same in the evening. No, give me a bottle of liebfraumilch and something good on the radio any day.' But what about men? 'Well,' she replied with a wry smile, 'it's not *every* evening that there is something on worth listening to.'

'Besides I have too many interests to go out every night. What about my Chinese cookery for example? I'm trying to teach myself how to prepare it but I keep burning the beansprouts and dropping the dimsimms. My friends all say I need the practice. Mind you with so many take-aways in Portsmouth, it is tempting to cheat, though they might spot the foil containers in the bin. Anyway, I could never keep a straight face. Believe me, I'm just not that inscrutable!'



Helena

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Elegance personified, that's cool 20-year-old blonde Helena Fairchild, a lissome beauty from the small Somerset town of Street. Her statuesque 34-23-34 figure has many admirers in the town's *Red Lion Hotel* where she often goes for a drink. 'Oh yes, I have to stop off there for a gin and tonic or else I'd die! It's the only thing that stops me going mad, especially after a hard day in the office.' But surely this exquisite lady isn't trapped behind a desk all day? 'Oh no, I work for a firm of auctioneers and some days I have to sit and type out the catalogues, but often I'm out visiting.'

'We auction all kinds of things from china to a whole estate. So I'm usually off looking at some antique knick-knack or other. And you do meet some really unusual people. I remember one man who wanted us to sell his Victorian commode or 'night stool' as he called it. He wasn't happy until I'd sat on it to feel how comfortable it was. For a nasty moment I thought he was going to ask me to use it! Then you get the ones who are keen on showing you a lot more than their antiques. I always wear skirts to work and out on a few visits I've felt a stray hand moving up my thigh. Mind you if it belongs to a handsome wealthy young man, who's going to complain?' smiled delightful Helena.

It's also hard to tell, looking at willowy Helena, that her other great passion is food. 'All the pubs around here serve meals and a lot of them are really excellent. It's not all cider and pasties down here you know. There's one that does a fantastic *steak aux poivres*. If I could find a man who'd buy me that a couple of times a week, I'd probably marry him on the spot.' Any offers, gentlemen?

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/HELENA FAIRCHILD

Sophia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

One of the oldest and wisest adages is to never judge a book by its cover. And that is particularly true when applied to the raven-haired Latin beauty of 19-year-old Sophia Tarraran. For the truth is that Sophia hails not from the shores of the Mediterranean, but from the fair city of Nottingham. Her parents emigrated from Naples in the sixties.

Despite her Latin looks Sophia talks with a pronounced East Midlands accent. What she did inherit, however, was her fiery temperament. And 37–24–36 Sophia has lost more than one job because of it. 'I can never get up in the morning – just like my boyfriend – and I used to be late. And when my boss told me off, I let loose at him and even threw an ashtray at him.'

'I don't mind changing jobs, and I've worked at both Raleigh's and Boots here. It's boyfriends I can't stand losing. They tell me I'm difficult to get on with and that I talk too much,' she smiles, 'but one of them bought me a G-I-B bracelet in gold the other day, so I must be able to do something right,' she giggles. Sophia is currently unemployed but is hoping to go on the government's Tops scheme to learn audio-typing, or other secretarial duties. As for acquiring that golden suntan, Sophia is fortunate in having obliging grand-parents with a villa in the Italian lake district.

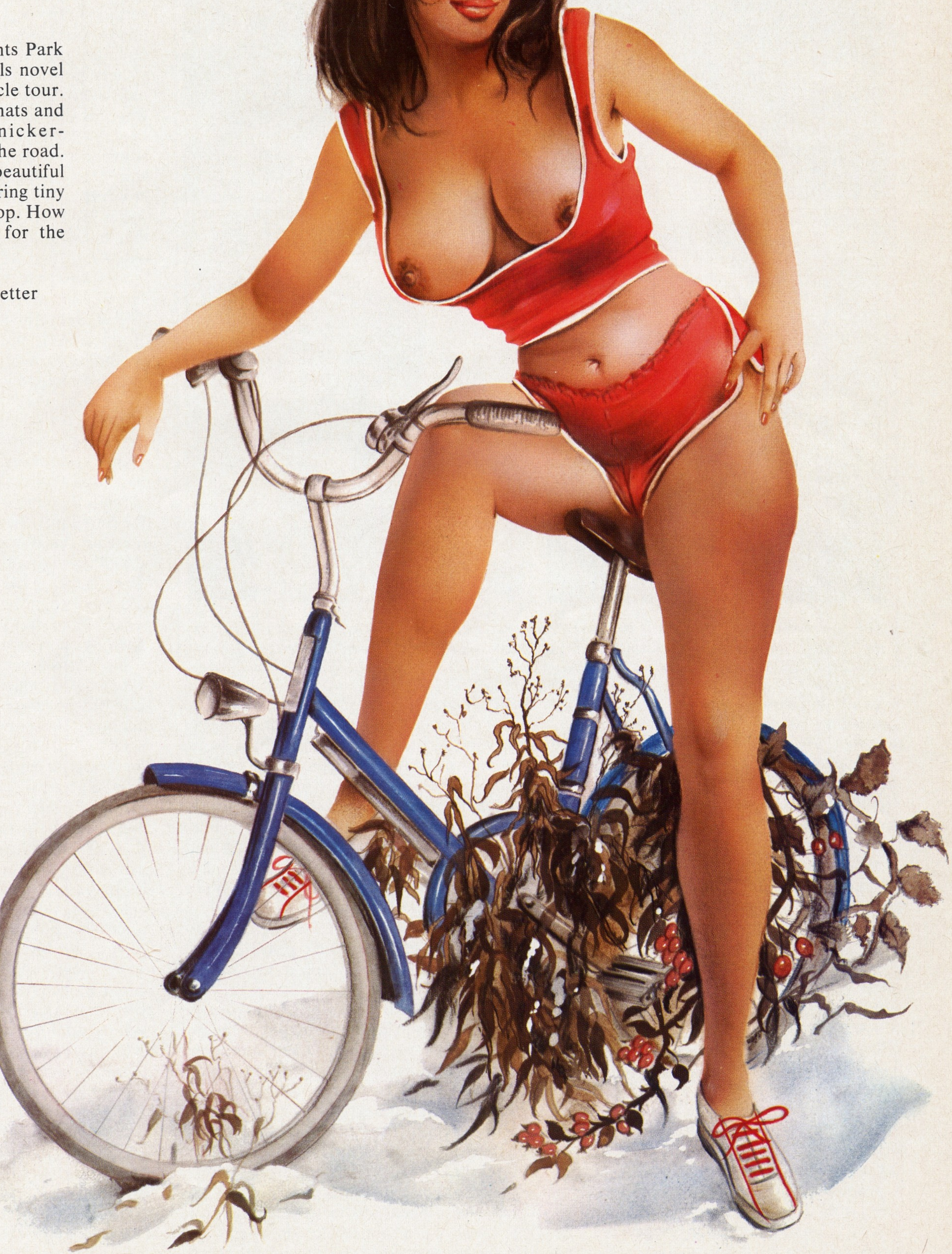
The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

> ‘I was sitting in Regents Park reading an H. G. Wells novel describing a ladies' cycle tour. Clad in tweed capes, hats and ever-so-daring knickerbockers they took to the road. At that moment a beautiful girl pedalled past wearing tiny shorts and a low-cut top. How fashion has changed for the better!’

Extract from reader's letter



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A rugged cowboy rode into town after three weeks in the saddle herding cattle across the prairie and walked into a local saloon. Summoning the barman, he said, 'I want me a woman'.

'We've only got one left at the moment,' the barman replied, 'and she's likely to have fits.'

'I don't give a damn,' roared the cowboy, 'after three weeks in the saddle any woman will do.'

'OK, she's up in room 15,' replied the barman pointing upstairs.

Once upstairs, he started to undress and walked over to the bed where the woman lay naked. But just as he was about to enter her, her left arm started twitching so he went downstairs to the barman and said, 'I want me a cowboy'.

The barman obliged and the cowboy was taken inside the bedroom and told to hold down her arm.

The first cowboy then continued but just as he was about to enter her, her other arm started to twitch.

The cowboy went back downstairs and demanded another man to come and hold her other arm. However even with the two men in position, just as he was about to enter her this time her legs and head started to twitch. So three more cowboys were told to come in and hold down those as well. Now with all five men in position, the cowboy prepared again to have his way with her. He climbed on the bed and slowly slid into her. Then he yelled, 'OK boys, let her go!'

A particularly useless shop-steward was reporting back to his members after a meeting with the management.

'Well, comrades,' he said, 'I'm afraid I've got some good news and some bad news. Which would you like first?'

'The bad news,' replied the workers.

'Right, well, I'm afraid to say that we are going to have to accept a £5 a week cut in salary.'

'So what's the good news?' demanded the men.

'I've managed to get it backdated to last January.'

A lighthouse keeper called Crighton
Took to seeing a lady from Brighton.
But four ships went aground
And fishermen drowned
As she didn't like sex with the light on.

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The day that London's first sperm bank opened, men from all walks of life queued up at the counter each with their personal product.

'Next please,' called the counter assistant and was amazed to see a young lady.

'I'm sorry, madam, you must be in the wrong queue.'

The girl said nothing.

'Now run along', he continued, 'there are people waiting to be served.'

The girl still said nothing and remained where she was.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the flustered assistant to the man behind her, 'would you mind explaining to this lady that she's in the wrong queue? She doesn't seem to understand.'

The girl then went into an elaborate mime to the next customer who then realised what she is trying to say.

'Well?' questioned the assistant.

'The lady says she is in the right queue and don't you know it is rude to talk with your mouth full.'

Cynthia was now 18 and going to the hunt ball with her boyfriend. Her mother had bought her a new dress for the occasion and was giving her some advice.

'Before you go, just remember this. I dare say that you will be dancing cheek to cheek, Mummy won't worry about that. You'll probably have a few drinks as well and Mummy wouldn't worry about that. He may bring you back in his car and kiss you and perhaps remove your bra. Mummy wouldn't be too worried about that. He may even take your pants down and Mummy still wouldn't be worried. But if he tries to get on top of you, remember, Mummy would begin to worry.'

Cynthia listened to this advice but didn't arrive back from the ball until half past four. And when she did, she was dishevelled, her hair awry and her dress torn. Her father was furious and demanded to know why she was so late and what had happened.

'Oh Daddy,' she replied, 'I had a wonderful time. We danced cheek to cheek and had a drink and I thought Mummy won't worry about this. He brought me home, kissed me and started removing my bra and I knew Mummy would not worry about that. Then he took my pants off –'

'Good heavens,' cried the old man, 'whatever did you do then?'

'Oh, it's alright. I got on top of him and thought, let his Mummy worry.'

What causes the population explosion?
A large number of small bangs.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

The Mayfair Film Society

Six of the most sensational girls ever to appear in *Mayfair* star in our exclusive colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (left) is just one of the six sexy superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full-colour 8mm home movies, each one of them a sizzling masterpiece of erotic entertainment. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or restrain Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her office misadventures leave her beautifully bare. If you find uniforms a turn-on, you'll just love air-hostess Sophie, a long legged brunette whose crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking leaves her white blouse moulded tantalisingly to the lush curves of her pert, long-nippled breasts. Then there's Victoria Jane, soft and cuddly in an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless, bare and beautiful. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, one of the most popular pin-ups in the country. We've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing from your eyes. Perhaps you also go for young, swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with all the sex-appeal of a young Monroe. Finally, there's Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge, stubby-nippled breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia; six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp, full colour 8mm films that you can enjoy again and again in your own home. The price? Just £10.15 per film and that includes postage and packing. Fill in the coupon below, remembering to specify which of the films you require, send it off, and soon you'll be enjoying the finest, freshest, and most arousing, home movies that star *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.**
All films are £10.15 each.

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name .... Address..

.... Date...

If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify the film which you require. All films are attractively packaged and despatched to you under plain cover. *Reg. London 875169*

M172

Lesley

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

If you ever find yourself drinking in one of the pubs in Fulham and get chatting to a pretty blonde, ask her what her hobbies are. Then if she bursts into a chorus of *Singin' in the Rain* or quotes a few lines of Bogart at you, you'll know she is Lesley Watson. For Lesley is a cinema fanatic and though she is only 22 her favourite movies are the ones featuring the screen idols of the Thirties and Forties. 'I find modern stars like Roger Moore and Clint Eastwood sexy, but I prefer the style of Clark Gable or Humphrey Bogart.'

Musicals are Lesley's favourite and twice a week she used to enclose her 36-25-36 figure in a leotard to take tap-dancing lessons at one of the Covent Garden dance studios. 'I had visions of being West London's answer to Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire, but I was put right off when I tried to practise at home, slipped over and knocked myself out on a table. I sold my tap shoes after that and now I'm content to just sit in the back row with my boyfriend and watch.'

Lesley works as a computer operator at the moment, but has an ambition to get a job connected with the film industry. 'I find everything about the cinema so fascinating that I'm planning to go to Hollywood to see if I can get work in the offices of one of the big studios. Then I might at least get to see some of the stars. But make sure you mention in the piece you write about me that I'm always available if anybody ever wants me for a re-make of *Gone with the Wind.*'

Emma

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Prepare to be shocked, for 34–24–34 Emma Birchall has a confession to make. 'Alright, I admit it,' grinned the 18-year-old telephonist from Stockport roguishly, 'I'm addicted to cartoons. You know, *Tom and Jerry, Bugs Bunny* and the *Road Runner*, I think they're great. It's my silly sense of humour, I love watching them.'

For that reason, every Saturday that Emma isn't operating one of the North West's busy exchanges, she's lying in bed watching the children's programme, *Tiswas*. 'They have hundreds of cartoons on that every morning and they have me rolling about with laughter. I like all the custard pies as well. I'd love to hit somebody with one.'

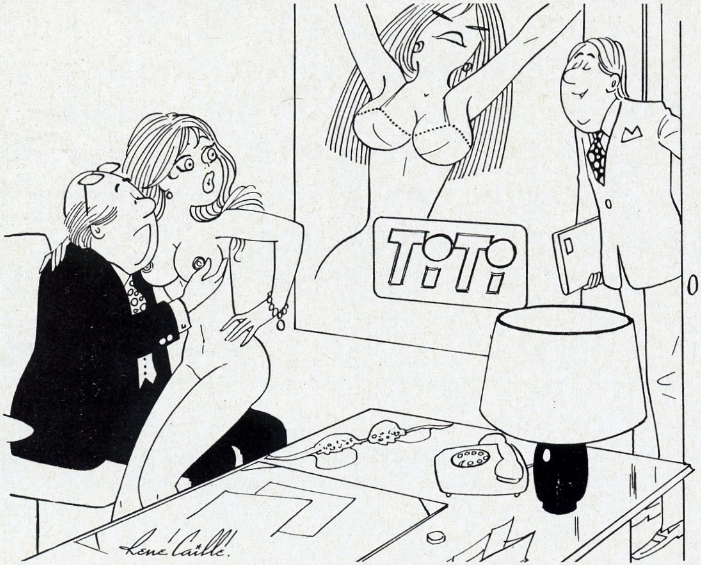
Emma even has a *Tiswas* teeshirt she won in a recent competition. 'But you have to be prepared for anything when you wear it. Once, in a pub, a guy came up and asked me if I was a fan of the show. Before I could answer, he shoved a plate of shaving foam in my face and poured lager over me,' she giggled. 'Swine!'

I'll keep you company

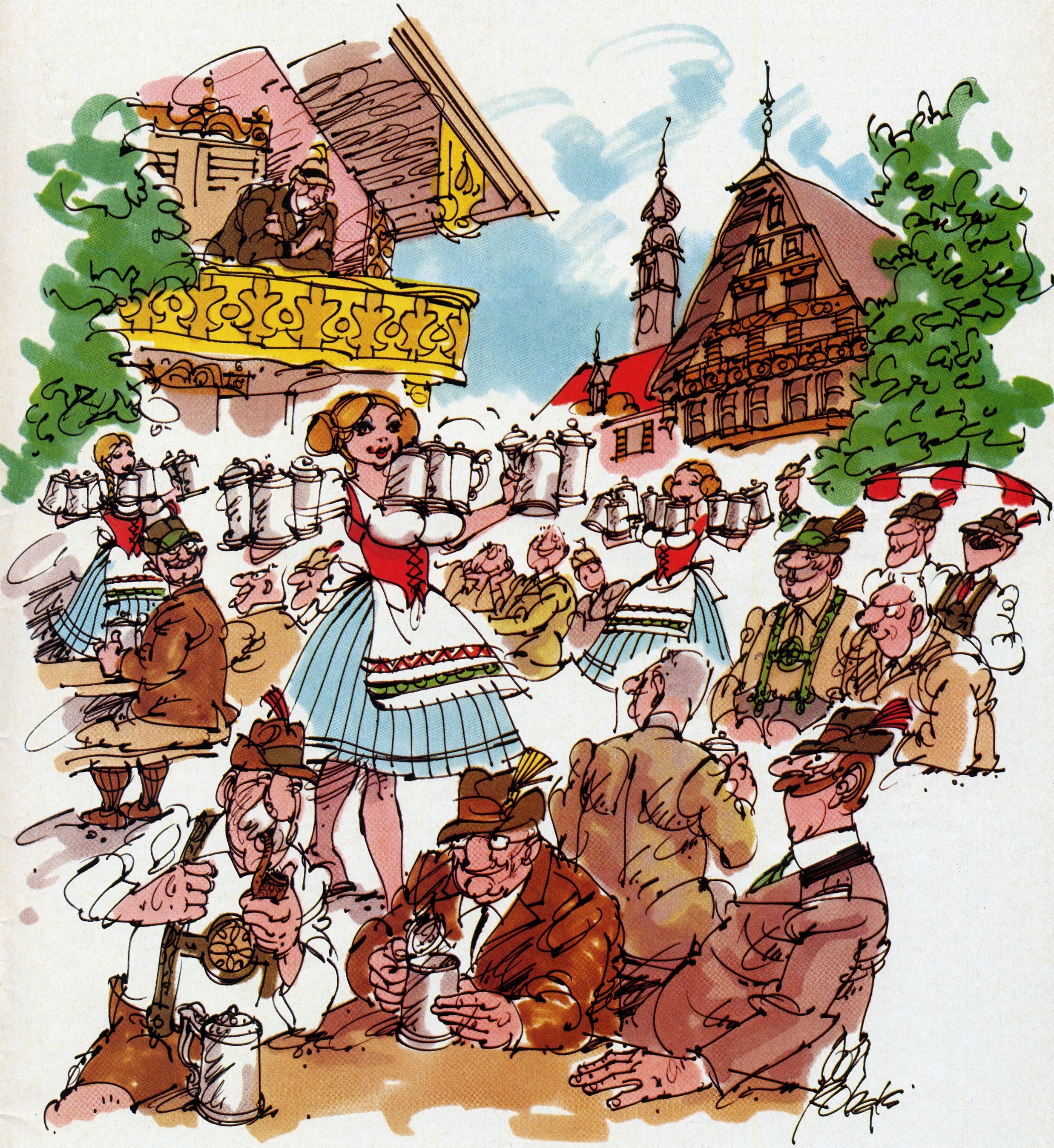
This is your last chance to spend 1982 with 12 beautiful ladies. Stocks of the sensational *Mayfair* calendar are running low, so put your order in right away. Otherwise, you could miss out on spending the whole of November with gorgeous Felicity Driscol, pictured above, and the rest of the year with our other eleven lovies. It's only £1.80, but hurry, this advertisement is the last.

Mayfair's 1982 colour calendars cost only £1.80 each. Send your order to **Mayfair Calendar, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Please send me .... calendars at £1.80 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ....

Name ....
Address ....
....Date M172


TiTi
René Caillé

'Brilliant, Sir. I'd never have thought of enlisting Miss Fanshawe's aid in checking measurement of our new bra . . .'



'The service is good here but the beer's warm.'